

SUNSHINE COLUMN

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION OF INTER-NATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY.

Mrs. J. M. RANSIER, State President, Hendersonville, N. C.

MRS. RANSIER'S LETTER.

Miscellaneous Sunny Suggestions From Sunshine Headquarters.

Oh, some one of eloquent brain
Some one of benevolent brow,
This awful enigma explain:
Pray, what shall we write about now?

—October Century.

Perhaps you do not know it, but it's a terrible thing to have to write for people to read. It's all right to write to tear up.

There is that constant straining at the rope which keeps one from writing out those big sweeping thoughts that are deep inside. It is considered by many quite improper, or at least unprofessional to give to the reading world an inkling of one's personality. There is that everlasting avoidance of that pronoun, "I," as if it were a microbe—as if it were like playing one's own brass band and marching up the street with banners flying and small boys forming the tail of the picture.

Then there is another difficulty about writing. You start out to write something about Sunshine, and you wind up with a treatise on the evils of gossip or a dissertation on beauty culture.

The third difficulty is (there is always a thirdly to every preachment you know), the third difficulty is just as soon as you begin writing, there is sure to be some body who wants something that you and you only can find, or you think of a hat you want to trim, or the window box in which you want to bury yourself and the violets or geraniums from the yard, before the frost gets them. Or you have a "mad and despairing passion" to surprise the family with an extra great big dinner this very day, or you are "dying, thirsting, famishing and aching" to curl up in a knot in the cozy corner and read.

Now it's perfectly right to get in those violets before they freeze. It's perfectly right to supply the inner man of the whole family generously, abundantly. Nothing like good dinners (not too good) to keep them good natured. Then the cozy corner and the reading are all right too, at their proper time, but—

Our stay here in this beautiful inn of life is like a little dream of summer. It passes very, very quickly. One can put out one's hands and almost touch the years of childhood that have flown away and gone like thistle-down feathers blown by the breeze. We are tourists and our stay may be brief or long. Surely we should make the best of so splendid a privilege—not only make the most of it for ourselves, but for those about us.

When you have a happy or bright little thought and pass it on to somebody, you are making that man or woman think of better things. Doing good is catching. There should

be a State health officer to see that everybody is inoculated with kindness and can't get well.

All kinds of loveliness is a commodity of which humanity cannot have too much. None could possibly tire of seeing beautiful flowers. In every mind there is a garden, and beautiful thoughts and kind words are the buds and blossoms that one can pick. A little nosegay handed here or there will do no harm.

Now this is our corner; this page of The Farmer. All you Sunshiners that have sent your names in to be on our State Sunshine books, and all you who meant to, but haven't got around to it yet, and all the rest of The Farmer readers who are just going to do so—that's pretty much everybody, you see—so we ought to feel very much at home and make this corner just as cozy as sunshine, good-will and neighborliness can make it.

I read last week of a Sunshine Circle in another State that have resolved to make it a rule of their lives to every single day do a Sunshine act. Just think of it, seven in a week; thirty in a month; three hundred and sixty-five in a year; one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five in five years! My! what a record; and what happiness would glow and shine around over our State from mountain to ocean. The whole world would point to us as the new Garden of Eden, wouldn't it? I'd a good deal rather have that reputation than one that we know of that is a joke and by-word for every paper in the land, where they say the Lord's prayer reads: "Give us this day our daily feud."

Yes, this is our cozy corner; will you come in have a seat?

And a little gossip, too?

Never mind about the big "sweeping thoughts," deep inside, or the editorial "we" and the brass band "I"! For we, you and I, and each one of us, have a right to chatter here. I get so many, many letters, and they nearly all wind up with, "Please don't publish this letter; I didn't write it for print." Now, that isn't fair. Lots of these letters have just heaps of good things in them, and would make this corner a heap cozier; but of course I can't put them here, if you say not, for I think there is nothing quite so low and mean and little and dispicable as making public a letter, printing a communication, intended as private or personal correspondence.

It is a breach of every law of courtesy and decency that no lady or gentleman, let alone a Sunshiner, was ever guilty of. Anyone doing so, forfeits the right to any of those nice names.

But now, if we are going to have a record of one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five Sunshine acts in the next five years, please remember that a little letter of appreciation or sympathy with Sunshine efforts, written to me, is a Sunshine act you can do any day when you don't have opportunity of doing much else.

Suppose you don't write it all in

one day, but add to it a little each day. I will not publish your name if you don't wish me to, but I want to feel free to "pass on" any pretty posey or wholesome chatter that may be inside your envelope. This is our C. C. C., which, interpreted, is—Cozy, Chatter, Corner of the S. S. S.—Scatter Sunshine Society. Come in and chatter. Our president says she is never quite so happy as when she goes into a room and finds all the ladies talking—talking at once.

Then she knows there is something doing, and something going to be "did."

Did you ever get into a room like that where the chatter was just foaming and bubbling over and everybody was talking at once and nobody apparently listening?

It's lovely (and let me whisper it) every last mother's daughter of them said what she wanted to say, but she also heard and can tell you every solitary thing everybody else said too.

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